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Senior Collaborative Recital: Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano

Amy Brinkman-Davis

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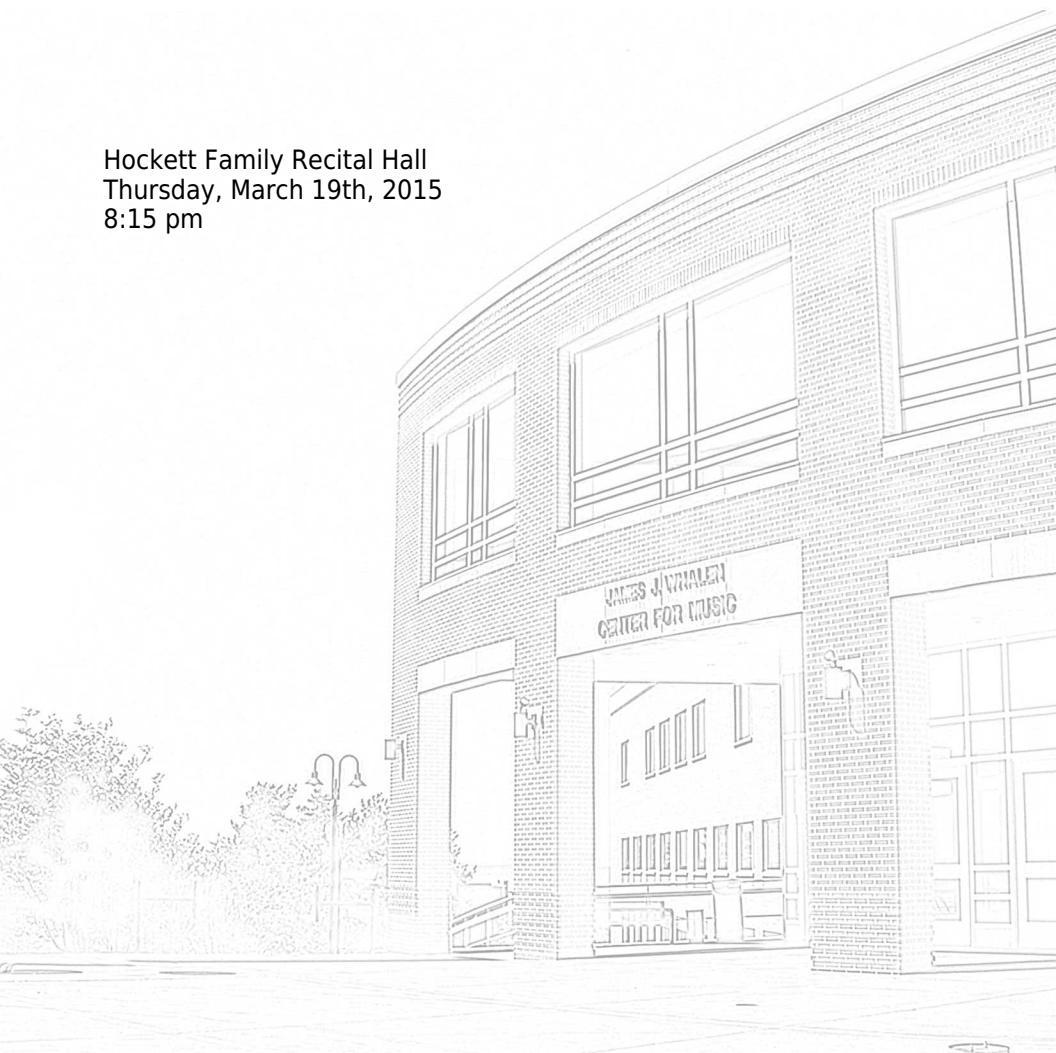
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Senior Collaborative Recital: Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano

In collaboration with:
Colleen Mahoney
Annina Hsieh
Tori Boell

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Thursday, March 19th, 2015
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Violin Sonata No. 1 in G Major, Op. 78 (1879)

I. *Vivace ma non troppo*

II. *Adagio – Più andante – Adagio*

III. *Allegro molto moderato*

Johannes Brahms

1833-1897

Colleen Mahoney, violin

Pause

Lieder der Lorelei

Die Lorelei, S. 273

from *Liederkreis* Op. 39 No. 3

Waldeggespräch

Franz Liszt

1811-1886

Robert Schumann

1810-1856

from *Romanzen und Balladen* Vol. III Op. 53

Loreley

Die Lorelei

Clara Schumann

1819-1896

Annina Hsieh, soprano

Pause

Adagio and Allegro, Op. 70

Robert Schumann

1810-1856

Tori Boell, horn

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Piano Performance with a Collaborative Emphasis. Amy Brinkman-Davis studies with Dr. Jennifer Hayghe, Dr. Diane Birr, and Dr. Charis Dimaras.

Translations

Regenlied, Op. 59

Walle, Regen, walle nieder,
Wecke mir die Träume wieder,
Die ich in der Kindheit träumte,
Wenn das Naß im Sande schäumte!

*Pour, rain, pour down,
Awaken again in me those dreams
That I dreamt in childhood,
When the wetness foamed in the sand!*

Wenn die matte Sommerschwüle
Lässig stritt mit frischer Kühle,

*When the dull summer sultriness
Struggled casually against the fresh
coolness,*

Und die blanken Blätter tauten,
Und die Saaten dunkler blauten.

*And the pale leaves dripped with dew,
And the crops were dyed a deeper blue.*

Welche Wonne, in dem Fließen
Dann zu stehn mit nackten Füßen,
An dem Grase hin zu streifen
Und den Schaum mit Händen greifen.

*What bliss to stand in the downpour
With naked feet,
To reach into the grass
And touch the foam with one's hands!*

Oder mit den heißen Wangen
Kalte Tropfen aufzufangen,
Und den neuerwachten Düften

*Or upon hot cheeks,
To catch the cold drops;
And with the newly awakened
fragrances*

Seine Kinderbrust zu lüften!

To air one's childish breast!

Wie die Kelche, die da troffen,

*Like the flowers' chalices, which trickle
there,*

Stand die Seele atmend offen,
Wie die Blumen, düftetrunken,
In dem Himmelstau versunken.

*The soul breathes openly,
Like the flowers, drunk with fragrance,
Drowning in the dew of the Heavens.*

Schauernd kühlt jeder Tropfen
Tief bis an des Herzens Klopfen
Und der Schöpfung heilig Weben
Drang bis ins verborgne Leben.

*Every trembling drop cooled
Deep down to the heart's very beating,
And creation's holy web
Pierced into my hidden life.*

Walle, Regen, walle nieder,
Wecke meine alten Lieder,
Die wir in der Türe sangen,
Wenn die Tropfen draußen klangen!

*Pour, rain, pour down,
Awaken the old songs,
That we used to sing in the doorway
When the raindrops pattered outside!*

Möchte ihnen wieder lauschen,
Ihrem süßen, feuchten Rauschen,
Meine Seele sanft betauen
Mit dem frommen Kindergrauen.

*I would like to listen to it again,
That sweet, moist rushing,
My soul gently bedewed
With holy, childlike awe.*

Nachklang, Op. 59

Regentropfen aus den Bäumen
Fallen in das grüne Gras,
Tränen meiner trüben Augen
Machen mir die Wange naß.
[Wenn die Sonne wieder scheint,]

*Rain drops from the trees
Fall in the green grass,
Tears to my bleary eyes
Make my wet cheek.
(When the sun shines again)*

Wird der Rasen doppelt grün:
Doppelt wird auf meinen Wangen
Mir die heiße Träne glühn.

*If the lawn twice green:
Is doubly on my cheeks
My hot tears glow.*

Die Lorelei
Heinrich Heine, poet
Set by both Franz Liszt and Clara Schumann

*Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Daß ich so traurig bin,
Ein Märchen aus uralten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.*

*I know not if there is a reason
Why I am so sad at heart.
A legend of bygone ages
Haunts me and will not depart.*

*Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt,
Im Abendsonnenschein.*

*The air is cool under nightfall.
The calm Rhine courses its way.
The peak of the mountain is sparkling
With evening's final ray.*

*Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar,*

*The fairest of maidens is sitting
Unwittingly wondrous up there,
Her golden jewels are shining,
She's combing her golden hair.*

*Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme,
Und singt ein Lied dabei;
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewalt'ge Melodei.*

*The comb she holds is golden,
She sings a song as well
Whose melody binds an enthralling
And overpowering spell.*

*Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe,
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.*

*In his little boat, the boatman
Is seized with a savage woe,
He'd rather look up at the mountain
Than down at the rocks below.*

*Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn,
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen,
Die Loreley getan.*

*I think that the waves will devour
The boatman and boat as one;
And this by her song's sheer power
Fair Loreley has done.*

New translation by A.Z. Foreman

Waldesgespräch
Josef Karl Benedikt von Eichendorff, poet

*Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt
Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?*

*It is already late, it is already cold;
why do you ride alone through the
wood?*

*Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ dich heim!*

*The wood is vast and you are alone,
you fair bride! I will lead you home.*

"Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,

"Great is the deceit and cunning of men;

*Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,*

*my heart has broken for pain.
The forest horn strays here and there,*

O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin."

o flee! You do not know who I am."

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn ich dich - Gott steh mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Lorelei!

*So richly decked are mount and lady,
so wondrously fair your young form;
now I recognize you - God stand by me!
You are the Witch Loreley!*

"Du kennst mich wohl - von hohem Stein

*"You recognize me well - from the high
stone*

Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den
Rhein.

my castle gazes down into the Rhine.

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem
Wald."

*It is already late, it is already cold -
you shall never again leave this wood."*

Loreley Wilhelmine Lorenz, poet

Es flüstern und rauschen die Wogen
Wohl über ihr stilles Haus.
Es ruft eine Stimme: "Gedenke mein!
Bei stiller Nacht im Vollmondschein!

*The waves whisper and murmur
Over her silent house.
A voice rings out: "Remember me!
When the moon is full and the night
silent.*

Gedenke mein!"
Und flüsternd ziehen die Wogen
Wohl über ihr stilles Haus.
"Gedenke mein!"

*Remember me!"
And the whispering waves flow
Over her silent house.
"Remember me!"*

Program Notes

Brahms Violin Sonata, Op. 78

Brahms's first violin sonata is often referred to as the "Regen-Sonata", or "Rain Sonata." This sonata is based on several themes taken from his Op. 59 lieder, *Regenlied* and *Nachklang*. While Brahms was writing this violin sonata, Felix Schumann (Brahms's godson and the youngest child of the Schumann family) was very ill with tuberculosis. Brahms's incorporation of these lieder melodies leads me to the conclusion that he revisited the original poetry as he was composing this piece. The lieder are settings of beautifully nostalgic texts with cool, crisp imagery. In my mind, this piece expresses the joy of Felix's life and the tragedy of his impending death. Brahms was also working through his own anguish, and empathy for Clara losing her youngest boy. The Regen-Sonata ultimately expresses hope that Felix may find brighter shores after death.

Lieder der Lorelei

The Lorelei is a rock on the eastern bank of the Rhine that soars nearly 400 feet above the waterline, marking the narrowest part of the river between Switzerland and the North Sea. According to German folklore, a siren sits upon the rock vengefully luring sailors to their death. The legend has inspired poems, paintings, and many songs.

Program notes edited by Samantha Kwan